

Correspondence Column

Drawings and a Puzzle.
Dear Editor.—We were so glad to see our drawings in the paper yesterday. They were much better than we expected. Thank you very much. We will try to send a story after we are better acquainted. We are sending some more drawings, also a puzzle. We have been to the country and just had all the cherries we could eat and bring home. We are going back as soon as the peaches get ripe. Our father is in the country trying to get well; he has been sick for over two months. We will be so glad when he gets real well. Love to you and all the members. We are, your little girls,
ETHEL AND LYNUDE NEATHERY.
South Boston, Va.

Her Friend's Parrot.
Dear Editor.—Our friend has a parrot. Here is a sketch of it. My brother has been in the navy a long time. His four years will be up in September. My little brother and I have five drawings and painting books. I love to draw in them. I have a book of German. I am going to learn it. I have not received my prize, but I will thank you anyway. Thank again, and a hundred times more. Good-by.
Lorraine, Va. HELEN BROADBURY.

Gathering Cherries.
Dear Editor.—I have just finished reading Sunday's paper and am sorry to hear of Mrs. Chadwick's illness. I have had a fine time gathering cherries. I have canned four quarts of them. My father was in Richmond last Friday. I think the stories about flies are fine. We had a nice rain last Thursday evening, but it is getting dry again. Your member,
MARIAN L. MOTLEY.
Caroline county, Va.

A Picture of a Chauffeur.
Dear Editor.—I am sending a picture of a chauffeur. I know, and will try to write often in the future. Last Thursday I had a day-school anniversary. It rained and kept us from marching. Last year President Taft saw our parade. I skate to school almost every morning, but it will soon be vacation. During vacation we go to the beach very often. Your member,
HAROLD VINCENT.
128 Lincoln Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Her Father Goes to Europe.
Dear Editor.—School has closed and I won two medals, one for scholarship and the other for spelling. I went on a picnic Saturday and had a fine time. My father goes to Europe Tuesday. I will miss him four months. We certainly will miss him. The reason I always write such short letters is that the long ones are so long. I had a large space on the page. I had a darling little puppy, and a bulldog killed it. With love of love, your true member,
MARY MCDANIEL.
Westhampton, Va.

Praises His Fellow-Club Members.
Dear Editor.—When I read yesterday's paper I was very glad to see that I had won a prize. Andrew Hiltner certainly drew cartoon. The Chadwicks are about the best members we have in the T. D. C. I think it is a great movement to try to kill all of the flies. I appreciate you publishing my story. Thanking you for my prize, I will close. Yours sincerely,
NICHOLAS DRAKE.
106 Floyd Avenue, City.

Delighted to Be Prize Winner.
Dear Editor.—I was very delighted to see my name as a prize winner, and thank you very much for it. It is a great prize. I am now here now; the wind is blowing hard and we have some fire. We are practicing for our children's day exercises now, which I hope will be good. Hoping to receive my prize soon, and thanking you again, I remain your devoted member.
MARGARET PROCTOR.
Drake's Branch, Va.

Hopes Letter Will Be Published.
Dear Editor.—As I haven't had a letter in the paper for some time, I hope this one will be published. I am a beautiful day. The birds are singing and everything is so fresh and green. I am a beautiful creature. I have two terrapin pets. One stays in his shell nearly all the time, but the little one is brave and lively. I am reading the "Long Roll." I haven't read much of it yet, but have commenced to get interested and agree with Leslie Miller in thinking it is a good book. I know I must close, as I am taking up entirely too much space. I really didn't intend to write so much. Your sincere member,
LOTTIE DICKENSON.
Oakwood Cemetery, City.

A Globe of Fish.
Dear Editor.—I have not written to you for a long time, but I will try to do better now. Our school closed the first of May. I was promoted to the High School. I was twelve in December, and I think I am doing fairly well in the High School at reading. I don't want to be a drawing of a globe of fish, which I hope will escape your naughty wastebasket. We have four fish in a large globe, and I enjoy watching them play and swim about. I hope all of our members will join the struggle against the house fly. "Swat the Fly" is a good idea. We get rid of some wasps. Hope all the members are enjoying the vacation, and will be ready to start when school is over. Your faithful member,
NORMA RIQUE.
Buena Vista, Va.

Fond of Reading.
Dear Editor.—I want to thank you for the nice book you sent me a few weeks ago. I certainly do appreciate it, and enjoyed reading it very much. I am very fond of reading. I was down to The Times-Dispatch Building last week to see you and received by now. I was given a phone number, but somehow or other I couldn't get you. I would like very much to call to see you sometimes if it will be agreeable. With you my sister, Mrs. Ida Crook, is very anxious for you to answer little questions. She is only five months old, but just as nice as she can be. I often tell me that I won't be long before Elizabeth will take her place on the page. Was very sorry to hear of your illness. Would the page sincerely hope this will find you well. I am as ever,
ELIZABETH REID.

Editorial And Literary Department

Praise For Fly-Swatters

My Dear Girls and Boys:
Again I feel that I have cause to congratulate you in that you have been leaders in The Times-Dispatch fly campaign. You began the movement which developed into a war of extermination that is being waged all along the line against one of the deadliest foes to health and cleanliness that the world knows. You have done your part well and deserve great credit for it. What you have written has been sensible and practical and will, I hope, be productive of great good.
It means a great deal in the right direction for boys and girls to be interested intelligently in whatever is going on in the world around them. Consequently I am going to ask you to write and say which candidate you believe the public would be your choice for President of the United States, and why. Let us see how near you can come to forecasting the election. Remember you must furnish good reasons for your choice and state them to me.
YOUR EDITOR.

PRIZE WINNERS FOR THE WEEK.
Miss Dorothy Smith, 1013 West Main Street, City.
Ethel Neathery, South Boston, Va.
Lynwood Neathery, South Boston, Va.

THE WEEK'S CONTRIBUTORS.
Anthony, Blanche Johnston, Gertrude Lawler, E. V. A. Bailey, Arthur Motley, Marian Bailey, Clifford McDaniel, Mary Blair, W. S. Chadwick, E. V. Neathery, Lynwood Cunningham, J. H. Proctor, Margaret Ebel, Gertrude Pines, Virginia Lee Elder, Curtis Turner, Grace E. Cronin, James G. Risque, J. C. Drake, Nicholas Reid, Elizabeth Smith, Dorothy Scott, Daisy B. Kider, Rufus Tate, Herbert Jones, Harold L. Vincent, Harold Jackson, Lucile Washer, Alice H. Zander, A. W.

JOHN PAUL JONES.

In the red glow of evening
Came o'er the blue sea
Paul Jones, the great hero,
So bold and so free.

That his sword was unsparing
The British did find,
But to shipmates he ever
Was gentle and kind.

When the voyage was ended
The mazes he'd trace
Of the song and the dance
With skill and with grace.

He who boldly meets death,
And fears not to dare,
He also shall vanquish
The hearts of the fair.

CLIFFORD BAILEY.
212 West Marshall Street, City.

WAR AGAINST THE HOUSEFLY.

The housefly is one of the most dangerous pests the housekeeper has to deal with, and also the hardest to get rid of, for wherever man or housefly is sure to be. The question is: "How are we to rid ourselves of this disease-carrying insect?"
First, we should destroy the breeding places if possible. They breed in rotting refuse, so we should keep everything around us in a clean, healthy condition, and never keep garbage or any refuse matter near our home. We have many ways of killing flies, such as trapping and poisoning. I think that with care we can keep them out of the house with screen windows and doors. Never let flies into a sick room; they carry so many disease germs it is harmful to the patient and to well persons also. And mothers should always be careful about flies crawling over the little one's face while asleep. It is so dangerous. The flies crawl through all kinds of filth and then come to the house laden with germs of all sorts.
Written and composed by
BLANCHE ANTHONY.
Ashland, Va. R. F. D. No. 4, Box 20.

LOUISE'S BIRTHDAY.

Louise and Helen were the only children of Mr. and Mrs. Irving. They lived in the city. Louise was twelve and Helen was ten.
The 8th of January was Louise's birthday. Louise and Helen were sitting down on the big rug before the fire looking at a picture book their mother had given Louise for a birthday present. They also had their toys around them. They were having a good time, when in came Uncle Jack. Now, Uncle Jack was a jolly old man,

and the children always enjoyed having him come.
They got a big rocking chair for him and Louise ran for her picture book for him to look at. It was snowing outdoors, and the big, sparkling fire looked very good to them. Uncle Jack told them stories, mostly fairy tales. He told the children that he had come to take them sleigh-riding. They clapped their hands and ran to ask their mother if they might go. She consented, so they wrapped up real good, and you may guess that they had a good time. So that was a birthday present for Louise, and I hope that Uncle Jack will give Helen a good birthday present, too, when her birthday comes.

AMERICA H. PANNILL.
Bassett, Va.

FANNIE AND HER DOG.

One day as Fannie was
Coming from school
She saw a little dog and
Named him Guel.

She showed him to her
Sister May;
They petted him so
Much that he ran away.

He didn't like petting
No more than a bird.
Because he wasn't used
To the words he had heard.

They looked, they looked,
They looked all around,
But nowhere they said
Could he possibly be found.

So next day as she was on
Her way to school
She found her little
Doggie swimming in a pool.

The next evening when
School was out
She carried him home
And scolded him right.

Composed by
MARY PANNILL.
Bassett, Va. Age 12.

LITTLE DAISY.

(Original.)

Once there lived a lighthouse keeper
and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert.
One night an awful storm arose; the clouds got very dark. There was a lady on the sea by the name of Mrs. Ashton, and her daughter, Ethel, who was six years old. The doctor had told Mrs. Ashton that she had better go abroad for her health, and as her child Ethel was so young she had to bring it with her. During this storm the sailors fled Ethel to her mother's waist. When they had gotten a little ways nearer the shore the ship turned over and Mrs. Ashton was drowned and was washed to shore, and poor Ethel got to shore safe with her dead mother.

The next morning Mrs. Gilbert looked out of her window, and to her surprise saw a little girl dressed in white lying on the shore. They rushed out to look after them and brought them in the house.

Mrs. Ashton was buried the next day near the shore. Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert called their adopted child Daisy, because they had a girl once by the name of Daisy.

While Daisy was at Oakdale she made many friends; one lady even loved her so that she taught her everything she wanted to know.

(To be continued.)
Composed by
ADELAIDE CHEATHAM.
2606 Floyd Avenue, City.

DAISIES.

At evening when I go to bed
I see the stars shine overhead.
They are the little daisies white
That dot the meadows of the night.

And often while I'm dreaming so
Across the sky the moon will go;
It is a lady, sweet and fair,
Who comes to gather daisies there.

For when at morning I arise
There's not a star left in the skies.
She's picked them all and dropped
Into the meadows of the town.

ARTHUR BAILEY.
No. 212 West Marshall Street, City.

LAZY LOTTIE.

Lottie was a little girl who did not like to help her mother wash the dishes, feed the chickens, bring in wood, or anything else. When her mother asked her to help she would say, "Oh, mamma, I'm so tired, I wish I didn't have to help."
So one day when she said this a fairy appeared and, handing her a ring, said to her:
"I will give you this ring, and as long as you wear it every wish of yours will come true."

Lottie was very pleased with the fairy's gift, and when it came time to bring in the wood she had only to wish it in the woodbox and it was there, and it was the same with everything she was asked to do; so Lottie had nothing to do but play.

She grew tired of playing one day, and was watching the little birds flying around and singing such happy songs, and she said thoughtlessly: "I wish I was a little bird," and immediately she changed into a little bird, and away she went flying through the air and singing.

But her wings soon grew tired of flying, and she alighted on the branch of a tree, and was watching some other birds building a nest, when a hunter came along and shot at her.

CAPTAIN KELLY.



Captain Kelly with flashing eyes,
Won the time to a thousand cries
Of "Hurrah for Kelly, Hurrah for Kelly!"
For he has won, won, won,
And the game is ours, sixteen to one!

The team is wild with shouts of glee,
For the amount is ours, and victory;
And I proudly hold the sunburnt hand
Of Captain Kelly, he's simply grand.
So yell, yell yell!

Let Freshman Kelly's victory "swell!"
Composed and illustrated by
WILLIE E. CHADWICK.
Care William Chadwick, National Soldiers' Home, Hampton, Va.

She was so frightened, and she flew toward home, wishing she was Lottie again, so the bad hunter would not shoot her; but her ring had fallen off when she changed into a bird, so she hopped around in the yard until she found it, and put it on one of her feathers in her wing. She then wished and was changed back to little Lottie again.

GRACIE E. TURNER.
R. F. D. No. 2, Box 39, Beach, Va.

BIRDS.

"Now the days are full of music,
All the birds are back again;
In the treetops, in the meadows,
In the woodlands, on the plain.
See them darting through the sun-
shine.

Hear them singing loud and clear;
How they love the busy springtime.
Sweetest time of all the year!"
Selected. EDNA POWELL.
Staunton, Va.

THE BIG BROTHER.

Once upon a time there was a little boy who was not neat. One day his grandma told him to go out and watch for his brother. He began to cry, and said he had no brother. He went out and saw a little wren. He asked the wren if he was his brother. The wren said, "Look how clean my feathers are." After awhile a cat came by. He said the same thing to the cat. The cat said, "Look how nice my fur is." A little pig came by. The little boy said, "Say anything, but the pig said, 'Come on and play with me.' The little boy said he wasn't his brother. The little boy told his grandma about it. She told him 'If he didn't keep himself clean he would have to live with the pig. He kept himself cleaner after that."

LUCILE JONES.
205 North Park Street.

THE PHYSAN.

We got our bird from an old Mexican hunter, who said he was a physan, and, as this intelligent bird began to study the habits of the man family, we began to take interest in this representative of a queer bird family.
His diet consisted mainly of small snakes, centipedes and mice, and though he was no larger than a pigeon he had a long neck and large head, and often swallowed mice whole.

He had one bad habit, and that one was awful. He would hoard up a pile of miscellaneous small animals, and keep them until they were good and "ripe"; then, after gorging till he could hardly move, he went to sleep and slumbered peacefully for a couple of days. As he was not particular about where he hid his little treasures, it was sometimes very hard on us.

The Mexicans said that when a pair of these birds found a hedge of cactus around it. Then the birds would make all the noise they possibly could, and the snake, awaking with a start, would pick himself on the thorns. This would anger the snake and it would lash around among the thorns until it worked itself into a frenzy and finally it would bite and kill itself. Then the two wise birds would have a feast.

RUFUS HOLT.
Staunton, Va.

SCRAP IRON.

When an old negro or an Italian begs or buys an old stove or any other piece of junk from you, you often wonder what he is going to do with it, and I am going to tell you.
The junk dealers buy up the scrap iron and ship it to the large Northern cities, where it is reduced to pig iron in the following manner. In the scrap yard, where there are hundreds of tons of scrap iron, there is a network of trestles or elevated tracks, on which run electric cranes. These cranes, instead of hooks to lift the iron with, have powerful electric magnets. These are let down into a heap of iron and the current is turned on. When they are withdrawn they have enough scraps clinging to them to weigh several tons.

The iron is carried on the magnets to a press, where, by immense power, the thousands of scraps are pressed into one large block, weighing several thousand tons.

These blocks are then conveyed to the great furnaces, where they are melted and refined. Then the molten iron is poured into sand molds and cut into "pigs" or short bars, while it is still in a soft condition. The iron is now ready to use again as material for stoves and other useful things which, after having served their term of usefulness, will probably return to the junk heap.

RUFUS HOLT.
Staunton, Va.

Puzzle Department

Geography Questions.
1. What county in Virginia has the name of a fruit?
2. What county in Virginia has the name of a great general?
3. What county in Virginia has the name of a boy?
4. What county in Virginia has the name of a girl?
5. What river in Virginia is named after a King?
6. What county in Virginia is named after an Indian king?
7. What capes in Virginia are named of two boys?

Composed by
MARIAN MOTLEY.
Upper Zion, Va.

Griddle.
I'm not employed by Uncle Sam,
And yet I carry mail in me.
I'm swift as many a telegram;
I'm seldom known to fail.
Around and 'round, then straight I go;
The shortest route I always know.
Lorraine, Va. HELEN BROADBURY.

Charade.
My first is in cat, also in beat.
My second is in flick, but not in tick.
My third is in fly, but not in He.
My fourth is in lark, also in mark.
My fifth is in bee, also in me.
My sixth is in time, but not in lime.
My seventh is in hate, but not in late.
My whole is a girl's name.
MARGARET PROCTOR.
Drake's Branch, Va.

Boys' Names in Figures.
15, 1, 12, 16, 5.
18, 15, 2, 18, 20.
20, 8, 15, 13, 1, 12.
8, 0, 14, 18, 25.
18, 9, 3, 8, 1, 18, 4.
2, 1, 18, 12.
12, 25, 14, 14.
2, 5, 18, 11, 12, 5, 15.
20, 1, 25, 12, 15, 18.
18, 1, 18, 11.

MARGARET PROCTOR.
Drake's Branch, Va.

Answer to bird puzzle by T. B. Dunn:
1. Sparrow.
2. Lark.
3. Penguin.
4. Crane.
5. Parrot.
6. Linnet.
7. Woodpecker.
8. Starling.

J. C. RIQUE.
Answer to T. B. Dunn's bird puzzle:
Sparrow.
Lark.
Penguin.
Crane.
Linnet.
Parrot.
Woodpecker.
Starling.

Answer to Polly Berry's puzzle:
Cheerful.
Contented.
Honest.

EMMA V. CHADWICK.
Care William Chadwick, National Soldiers' Home, Hampton, Va.

Answer to puzzle by P. Berry:
1. Content.
2. Content.
3. Careful.
4. Honest.

Answer to "Bird Puzzle," by T. B. Dunn:
1. Sparrow.
2. Lark.
3. Penguin.
4. Woodpecker.
5. Crane.
6. Crane.
7. Parrot.
8. Starling.

Answered by
MARIAN MOTLEY.
Upper Zion, Va.

WHERE THE FLIES COME FROM.

The housefly is the one we are interested in, because it gives disease to people and often kills them. These are the adult fly. One fly lays about 120 eggs. Horse manure is the favorite place for the fly to lay the eggs. The eggs are like a fine white thread. The eggs of the fly hatch within a few hours and become larvae. These appear as small white worms. In warm weather you can find these worms in manure piles.

After a while they become per as a little brown cocoon. You cannot very easily find these in manure, because they are brown.

Then after a few days they become adult flies. Then they lay eggs and do the same things. It takes only eight days for the eggs to become flies.

EDWARD VINCENT ANTHONY LAWLER.
106 1-3 East Clay Street, Richmond.



WILLIE E. CHADWICK.



BLANCHE ANTHONY.



MARY MCDANIEL.



LOTTIE DICKENSON.



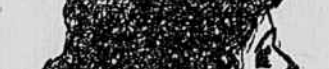
BLANCHE JACKSON.



GERTRUDE EBBEL.



VIRGINIA LEE EPES.



GERTRUDE JOHNSTON.



HERBERT TATE.



ETROLD L. JOHNSON.



EMMA V. CHADWICK.



NICHOLAS DRAKE.



WILLIE E. CHADWICK.



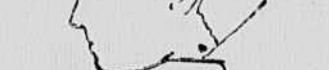
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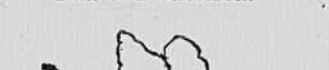
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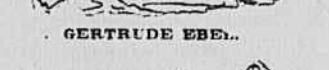
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